

## Stick to Your Trade.

Wise men always  
Affirm and say  
That 'tis best for a man  
Diligently  
To apply  
For to the business he can,  
And in no wise  
To enterprise  
Another faculty.  
A simple matter  
Should not go smatter  
In philosophy;  
Nor ought a pedlar  
Become a meddler  
In theology.

—Sir Thomas More.

## GIBBS, THE PIRATE.

About the first of November, 1830, the brig Vineyard sailed from New Orleans, bound for Philadelphia. William Thornby was the master of the vessel, and William Roberts the mate. The crew numbered seven: James D. Jeffers; Henry Atwell; Albert Church; John Brownrigg; James Talbot; Robert Dawes, a boy; and Tom, a young mulatto, born in Delaware, who acted as cook.

Tom was the first of the crew who came aboard, and while handling the freight, he observed that a considerable amount of specie came also, in kegs and bags. When the Vineyard was five days out at sea, the crew—as sailors sometimes do—were comparing accounts as to how much money each had, when Tom carelessly remarked that there was plenty of it on board. "Then let's have it," said Atwell. Tom at first thought that this was a mere jest. But Atwell's words had kindled a thought among his messmates, and when they somehow, in course of a week, discovered that fifty thousand dollars were aboard, the silent thought flamed into desire, and desire into a conspiracy to seize the treasure. Much secret plotting followed, and while the men were talking over their plans, the boy Dawes was sent to converse with the officers, so as to divert their attention and prevent suspicion. But in these plottings it does not appear that Brownrigg took any part.

Eventually their counsels took the form of a resolve. It was resolved that as both the master and mate were old men, they should die, and make room for the enterprise and success of younger and more active men. Moreover, that as the mate was peevish in disposition and abrupt in manner, he was especially deserving of death.

Atwell soon after sought the young mulatto, and laid before him these matured plans, telling him that the conspirators formed the strongest party on board, and that they would take the lives, not only of the officers, but of such of the men as would not join them. The cook then consulted with Church, who advised him not to betray his messmates; and so, hesitating and at last yielding, he became confederate with them.

The time fixed upon for the act of murder and piracy was the night of the 23d of November. The master was to fall by the hands of Jeffers and the cook. The mate was assigned to Atwell and Church.

When the night arrived, the Vineyard was off stormy Hatteras. The master stood on the quarter-deck. The mate was down in the cabin. Brownrigg was aloft. The cook was silently in waiting forward, and the boy Dawes was at the helm. Presently, Dawes called the cook aft to trim the light in the binnacle. Tom hastened to obey, and as he passed Captain Thornby he struck him on the back of the neck with a pump-brake. The captain fell, crying "murder!" Tom repeated the blows till the captain was dead. Then came Jeffers, and together they threw the body overboard.

Aroused by the noise, Mr. Roberts, the mate, came hastening up the companion ladder. Atwell and Church were waiting in the darkness for him at the top. One of them struck him down the ladder with a club, but failed to kill him. Jeffers rushed down the ladder to complete the work, but it was so dark that he could not find his victim. He hastened up again for the binnacle light. With this he descended and seized the disabled mate. A struggle followed below. The mate fought stoutly for his life. Atwell jumped into the pit, but still the mate held his stand against both of them. Then followed Church, and with his aid, the exhausted mate was dragged on deck, beaten to helplessness, and pitched overboard. He was not dead, but swam after the vessel for several minutes, crying for help. Then he sank into the depths forever.

Dawes stood by the helm and witnessed all these deeds. The pirates were at last in full possession of the brig. The cook busied himself in washing up the bloody deck, declaring, with an oath, that "though he had heard that the stains of the blood of a murdered person could not be washed out, he would wipe out these." Then followed a drink all around, and then they got up the money bags.

The treasure was distributed in equal portions to all on board. Brownrigg and Talbot were assured that if they would keep the secret and share the plunder, they should receive no injury. They feigned to comply.

Jeffers, the leader in these crimes, now took command of the brig. He was an old buccaner. He knew the outlook of the seas, and he decided that it would be best to find some secure hiding

place where they might bury their plunder. For this purpose they steered northeast toward the eastern point of Long Island, probably, like Kidd, seeking the shores of Gardiner's island. In a few days they sighted Long Island, but their course had brought them too far to the westward. They found themselves within twenty miles of South Hampton light. There they resolved to leave the vessel in their boats.

A gale blew them still further westward along the coast, and at length, though it was hazardous from the boisterous seas, they determined to attempt to land. Atwell scouted the brig, and got into the jolly boat with Church and Talbot. Jeffers, Brownrigg, Dawes and the cook put off in the long boat. Two miles from the shore, the jolly boat swamped on a bar, and all on board were drowned. The long boat was in great danger, and was only saved by throwing overboard several bags of specie.

By this time they had passed Rockaway and were off Jamaica bay. Here, among the chain of islets at its mouth, they sought a hiding place for their treasure. After great effort they made a landing, first on Pelican island, and then crossed to Great Barn or Barren island, which is separated from Coney island by a narrow inlet. On this island they buried their money bags, filled mostly with Mexican dollars, part of which were afterwards discovered by the washing away of the sands by storms.

Soon afterward they met a sportsman who told them where they had landed. Thence gaining the mainland, they came to the house of a Mr. Johnson, to whom Brownrigg gave information of their crimes. They proceeded further to Mr. Leonard's house, where they procured a wagon. As they were getting into it, Brownrigg cried out that they were murderers and refused to accompany them. Mr. Leonard immediately sent for a magistrate. Jeffers and Dawes were secured, but Tom, the cook, escaped to the woods, whither he was soon followed and captured.

The prisoners were taken to Flatbush. There they were put in charge of police marshals Henry L. Merritt and Stevenson, and carried to New York. On the way they made a confession to the officers, Tom telling the whole story, occasionally prompted by Jeffers. They admitted that Brownrigg was innocent, but were not so favorable to Dawes.

Jeffers—his real name—gave an assumed name to his captors, viz.: Charles or George Gibbs. Tom gave his correct name, Thomas I. Wansley. They were arraigned in March, 1831. Dawes being the witness for the prosecution. During the trial the iron visage of Gibbs was sometimes darkened with transient emotion, but he had abandoned all hope of escape, and for most of the time sat with his hands between his knees, calmly surveying the scene. Wansley was agitated, and trembled visibly when he rose to hear the verdict.

On being asked what he had to say, the latter remarked that the witness had failed to state the inadvertent manner in which he first informed the crew of the money being on board. But, said he, when white men are the judges, a difference of color causes difference of treatment, and so he had no more to say. He was quite coherent in his remarks, and distinct in utterance. Gibbs spoke fluently, rapidly, and with propriety. He declared himself innocent of the murder of the mate, but said he had helped to throw the captain overboard. Church and Dawes, he said, had insisted on the murders. Wansley and Gibbs were then sentenced to execution on the 23d of April.

To Justice James Hopson, Gibbs gave this sketch of his life: He was born in Providence, Rhode Island. At an early age he was placed on board the United States sloop of war Hornet, under Captain James Lawrence, and was present in the action when she sunk the British brig Peacock, in 1813. The next year he was a seaman on the ill-fated Chesapeake when Lawrence fell. Being captured with the vessel, after his exchange, until at length he joined a Colombian privateer, the Maria, Captain Bell. Soon after, her crew of fifty men, mostly Spaniards, seized the vessel and hoisted the black flag. So, in 1816, he began his career as a pirate.

After capturing several ships he was chosen leader of the buccaniers, and sailed the Spanish main for four years in the new schooner Piciana. Their invariable practice was to murder the crews and destroy the vessels. Arrangements had been made with a capitalist of Havana, Don Jose Rivera, by which the pirates landed their plunder at Cape San Antonio. This respectable merchant then sent his agents and received it, sold it, and accounted for the proceeds. The Piciana once narrowly escaped capture by the British frigate Corcoran. In October, 1821, the pirates captured a ship from Charleston and had taken her to San Antonio. They were busy unloading her cargo, when the United States brig Enterprise, Captain Kearny, hove in sight, and, seeing the vessels at anchor, sent her boats to attack them. A serious engagement followed. The pirates defended themselves for some time before a four-gun battery, but were defeated with considerable loss, and were forced to abandon their vessels and booty and fly to the mountains. They left hot poisoned coffee on the cabin tables, hoping the American officers would drink it. This

statement was confirmed by Captain Kearny.

In 1826, during the war between Brazil and Buenos Ayres, Gibbs received a lieutenant's commission in the service of the latter republic, and joined the Twenty-fifth of May, a ship of twenty-four guns, under Admiral Brown. Soon after he was put in command of a privateer of two guns and sixteen men, in which he was captured by the Brazilians. After his release, he sought a command in the service of the day of Algiers, in the war against France. He made his way to Europe, but the French fleet prevented his arrival at Algiers, and he returned to Boston. Then he sailed to New Orleans, and there he made his last and fatal venture in shipping as a common sailor on the Vineyard.

The final scene is thus described in the New York Mercantile Advertiser of April 23, 1831: Yesterday at six minutes past twelve, George Gibbs and Thomas Wansley were executed on Ellis' island, for piracy committed on the brig Vineyard. In the morning about nine o'clock, according to the arrangements of Mr. Morris, the marshal, the prisoners were taken on board the steamboat Bellona, at the Bellevue wharf, under an escort of United States marines, agreeable to an order of government, and conveyed to Ellis' island, where they arrived a few minutes before ten. We believe it was the intention of Mr. Morris to have executed them at ten, but the first request Gibbs made yesterday was that he might live "till the sun was up," and he was gratified. When on the island, Gibbs requested to see Dawes, the boy who was on board the Vineyard at the time of the piracy, and who took a part therein. He was brought before Gibbs, who gave him in a fervent tone much excellent advice.

About half-past eleven the prisoners were conducted from the room on Ellis' island, in which they were lodged, to the place of execution. After the rope was adjusted around the neck of each, Gibbs, and then Wansley, addressed the multitude; but the hum of many voices rendered all they said unintelligible, save to those who stood by their very side.

The Rev. Mr. Tappen, chaplain of the Bellevue prison, and the Rev. Messrs. Dunbar, Carter, Wright and Quinn attended them, and after some devotional exercise in which the culprits joined, exactly at six minutes past twelve they were launched into eternity. Wansley, the colored man, made not, that we could observe, a single struggle; but Gibbs, for four minutes, seemed by the contortions of his frame to suffer severe agony; during the course of which he raised up his hand and lifted the cap, partly from his face. After hanging one hour, the bodies of the unfortunate but guilty criminals were cut down and sent to the college of physicians and surgeons (in Barclay street) pursuant to sentence.

The concourse of spectators was immense. The little island was crowded with men, women, and children, and on the waters around were innumerable boats laden with passengers, from the steamboat and schooner down to the yawl and canoe. One or two boats were upset but no lives were lost.

## A Millionaire's Threat.

Some years ago John Mackey, of the firm of Mackey & Fair, and an equal partner with Flood & O'Brien, of San Francisco, used to carry his bucket and work on the lowest levels for \$4 per day. By a fortunate streak of luck in stock ventures he suddenly acquired a very healthy bank account. It was about this time that he did something in the way of a stock transaction to displease Sharon, who was then manager of the Bank of California agency in Virginia City. Sharon became very much exercised over the affair, and in the course of a very wordy altercation with Mackey: "I will make it my business to see that you again resume the packing of your dinner bucket at \$4 per day." At all events this is the way the story went at the time. Now John Mackey is the richest man on the Pacific coast, while Sharon, by the failure of the bank of California, must be seriously crippled, if not, indeed, embarrassed beyond recovery. And it may be that the very identical and ill-advised threat had much to do with bringing on the present calamity. Who knows?

## Sea Coast Storms.

Within the past fifteen years every portion of the Southern coast of the United States has been visited by these cyclones, but those who have studied the laws of storms will have noticed that while they are equally as severe on the Atlantic coast, between the mouth of the Savannah river and the Chesapeake, as further south there has been less damage reported north of Savannah and Cape Fear river. The secret of this is that north of the Cape Fear river there is a high land, that serves as a barrier to the encroachments of the sea, while the further south, we go the lower is the land and the greater is its liability to be submerged by heavy tidal waves caused by severe tropical storms. The entire coast of Florida, Louisiana and Texas being only a few feet above high tide register, is more subject to overflow than higher coast lines; hence, when ever we hear of a disaster on this portion of the coast the loss of life and property is always heavy.

## LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS.

How a Village of the Polygamists in Utah is Founded.

To understand the country life of the Mormons, says a *Tribune* correspondent, it is necessary to have some idea of the geographical features of the region in which they live. The greater part of Utah is traversed by high mountain ranges and plateaus trending nearly north and south. Through the valleys wind small rivers, receiving their waters from the mountain brooks, and pouring them at last into salt lakes. The climate on the whole is rather invigorating, owing to the altitude. The level of Salt Lake is about 4,200 feet above the sea, and that of Sevier lake about the same, and the habitable country ranges from this altitude to 6,200 feet. The higher regions are available only for pasturage. The settlements are strung out at considerable intervals along the valleys. They are situated in places which could not have been utilized for such a purpose if the residents had been actuated only by the ordinary influences which tempt the immigrant. They were at first bare desert spots at the base of the mountains, covered with sage brush, utterly arid, except in the immediate narrow river bottoms (which are swamps), and the soil is heavily charged with alkaline salts. Of trees there were none, except gnarled and useless cedars on the foot hills, and spruce, aspens and pines far above the mountain tops. These villages have been founded by the great power of the Mormon church. It has been the policy of that institution to spread out its population in such a manner as to cover and hold every spot in Utah that could be made habitable. When a new settlement is to be established, a number of families are selected from the older towns, and notice is sent from the rulers of the church to the heads of the families that the church has given them a mission for the building up of Zion. A few refuse or evade the call; but the majority obey. Some of the persons selected are men of comparative wealth, that they may give employment to the poorer brethren during the first few years of hardship and privation.

The comfortable house, the teaming garden, and the ripening grain field are sold for what they will bring, and the caravan sets out, leaving homes and their comforts behind, to begin life in some distant locality anew. The spot selected is usually where some mountain stream of clear cold water joins the more sluggish and turbid river of the main valley. After providing a temporary shelter of tents, or holes in the earth, roofed over with poles and thatch, the first work is to provide water for the future farms. Agriculture is impossible here without irrigation, and in some cases the soil is so saline that it must be washed for a year, or even longer, before a crop is possible. The mountain stream is diverted from its course and the water led in ditches along all of the streets of the village, and finally into the new fields beyond. If the stream be insufficient, and extended farming be contemplated, a sluice is made from the main river, a few miles above, and the water distributed. The next work is the construction of a meeting-house, which is used also as a schoolhouse, it being a cardinal doctrine that the Lord's house must be built first. It is usually built of rough stone or adobe, but the crude masonry perhaps justifies the strong preference always felt here for a good frame building, when saved lumber is attainable. Next a rude wagon road is cut through the foot hills and upward into the gorges and amphitheaters of the mountains, where the tall, slender, and marvelously straight spruce trees grow in dense forests, and where the slender aspens furnish poles for corals, and numberless uses. The log cabins are then rapidly built, but they are regarded only as temporary dwellings. After a few years a sawmill is generally started in the mountains, and the chief cost of lumber is then the cost of hauling it. Of horses, and especially of horned stock, there is no lack; in truth the latter are already superabundant and overrunning the Territory. Every nook and corner of the Territory is at this season of the year gnawed clean of every herb which can support animal life, and were not my own course of travel high up among the mountain tops, where cattle cannot climb, I should find my animals starving to death. Cattle form the largest item of exchangeable wealth, but the excessive numbers of them seem likely to depreciate their value.

## So-met-i-mes.

The other day at a dinner, Jack Hammond appealed to several well-known lexicographers as to the meaning of the word "so-met-i-mes."

"How is it spelled?" asked Mr. Coe.

"Perhaps it is a musical term."

"Why, s-o-s-o, m-e-t-met, so met, i so-met-i, m-e-s, so met-i-mes," replied Jack, holding up the word on a piece of paper.

Nobody could guess it. Three or four Harvard and Yale men went searching after the Latin root, and the young ladies said: "We give it up."

"It is very simple," said Jack; "it means occasionally. Webster says: 'Sometimes, adverb; occasionally—now and then!'"

There was a scattering among his guests, and Jack finished his dinner alone.

## What this Country Needs.

What this country needs, says an exchange, is a good five-cent cigar.

## A TOWN DESTROYED.

Description of the City of Indianola, Destroyed by the Cyclone.

Indianola is one of the few towns of Texas that can boast of its antiquity. There, long before it was ceded to the United States, a large trade in hides, furs and other products had grown up, and although in the latter part of the last century, and in this century, it has been partially or wholly submerged by the tidal flow, so fatal to the gulf cities and towns, phoenix-like, it has always re-created from the effects of tide, and war, and wind, and remained the key of the inland' waterway that extends from Cony river, in Brazoria county, Texas, to the Rio Grande del Norte that divides Texas from Mexico.

This inland sea, or waterway, is formed by the Matagorda, Corpus Christi and Espiritu Santo bays, and the Laguna of the Madre. It is divided from the Gulf of Mexico by a low, sandy beach, extending all the way from the mouth of the Sabine river at Sabine Pass, Louisiana, to Brazos Santiago in Texas. A vast amount of commerce yearly centers along the line of this inland sea. Indianola and Corpus Christi being the chief shipping points for exports of the products of all the counties between Austin, Benham, Balena and the gulf, as well as the chief ports of entry. Indianola is the chief port of entry of the district of Salina, and before the railroads tapped the towns that fed it, it was a place of considerable importance commercially and topographically.

It is situated on a peninsula, where the Llanos river empties into Matagorda bay, the county of Calhoun, of which it is the county seat, forming the peninsula. Owing to its low situation it is subject to inundation alike from the immense body of water that overflows Matagorda bay and the tidal waves from the gulf that occasionally sweep over the narrow beach that separates it from the gulf.

Indianola is 140 miles southeast by east of Austin, and 120 miles southwest of Galveston. In 1870 it had a population of 2,106, which has increased to 3,000. Of these nearly 500 are colored. It is the terminus of the Gulf, Western, Texas and Pacific railroad (completed in 1873 to Cuero, in De Witt county, a distance of sixty-six miles), which is to connect it with Austin. Steamers run regularly to Corpus Christi and Galveston. The commerce of the place is quite important, there being entered in the year ending August, 1873, in the country trade, 242 vessels of 188,453 tons, of which 149, of 174,270, were steamers. It cleared in the same time 250 vessels, of 194,896 tons, of which 146, of 170,052, were steamers.

The receipts were 5,808,000 feet of lumber and 2,750,000 shingles. It shipped 27,461 head of animals, 11,549 bales of cotton, 330,875 hides and 3,234 bags of wool in 1870. The value of imports was in 1870 \$82,463 and of exports \$68,658. Of the recent gales, that of July 18, 189 and 20, 1866, did the most damage. Four vessels in that storm were utterly annihilated, and remnants only of others in port left to tell the tale of the loss. On land the damage was little less severe, and while wharves were submerged, houses swept from their foundations and either scattered in fragmentary parts over the beach or bodily swept into the angry torrent, there remained on the afternoon of July 20, 1866, sufficient enterprise implanted in the inhabitants to begin the work of rebuilding and reconstruction.

People like the residents of this inland town, who have been ravaged by war, pestilence and hurricane, and recuperated from their effects, will not in this later calamity sit down and weep, but arise in the consciousness that they have a future before them, and rebuild upon a surer foundation, that will not be affected when the rains descend and the floods come.

## A Flaw in the Indictment.

Brougham, defending a rogue charged with stealing a pair of boots, unable to gainsay his client's guilt, demurred to his conviction because the articles appropriated were half-boots, and half-boots were no more boots than a half guinea was a guinea, or half a loaf a whole one. The objection was overruled by Lord Estgrove, who, with better fitting solemnity, said: "I am of opinion that boot is a *nomen generale* comprehending a half boot; the distinction is between a half-boot and half a boot; the moon is always the moon, although sometimes she is a half moon." Had Brougham proved the boots to be old ones, his man would probably have come off as triumphantly as a tramp tried at Warwick for stealing four live fowls. The fowls had been "lifted" in Staffordshire; still the indictment was declared good, it being held that a man committed felony in every county through which he carried stolen property; but when it came out in evidence that the fowls were dead when the thief was taken, he was at once set free, on the ground that he could not be charged with stealing four live fowls in Warwickshire.

Seven years ago George Francis Train stood in front of the Bank of California, and pointing with his cane to its frowning walls, remarked that the people of San Francisco would live to see it collapse in a single day. He made the same assertion in a public hall, and came near being mobbed in the streets.

## In the Steerage and How it Looks.

Says the Boston *Globe*: Instead of small staterooms there are larger apartments, accommodating from twenty to forty individuals. The berths are arranged in two tiers, and are constructed otherwise in very much the same way as the sleeping apartments of a respectable and well-ordered pig pen. The unmarried men are sent to a room by themselves, and the married couples and the younger children to another, and the unmarried women still another. The room into which these others all open, and to which all classes have access, is reached by two flights of stairs from the main deck. This place serves as dining hall and cabin, only there are no red velvet cushions lying about. There is no carpet on the floor, and no rack full of glasses and decanters to be rattling overhead. The tables are quite in keeping with the frugal fare served three times daily. For breakfast we begin with a mug of coffee, hot and sweetened, but not strong enough to be injurious, and, by the way, the cows in this neighborhood are quite partial, and can't be induced to give milk for steerage passengers. A liberal supply of bread and butter makes up what is sometimes known abroad as a plain breakfast. Oatmeal porridge, with black molasses, in addition to the above, may be expected for breakfast once or twice during the voyage. A good appetite will be needed for dinner; you will then be first treated to soup which looks very much like good, strong diawater, but it tastes better than it looks. Soon the steward comes around with a tin pail full of boiled potatoes, some of them about the size of a hen's egg and some of them not so large. They are supposed to have been rinsed, but not washed or pared before cooking, and if a little meal were added the mixture would be very like what New England farmers use to fatten hogs. After this boiled meat is brought around, not of the choicest cuts, to be sure, but an abundance, such as it is, is given. Dessert will be dispensed with, save on Sunday, when a kind of plum pudding is added. For supper, about a pint of tea, served the same as coffee, and more bread and butter. The only change we ever knew in the above bill of fare is that of pea soup and boiled salt fish on Friday in place of the usual dinner.

## A Terrible Crime.

A terrible story of murder comes from Queisa, in Italy. A boy was playing near the house of a man named Grandi, and was enticed by him to go inside, by a story that other children were coming to play there. Grandi suggested that he should hide beneath the stairs, and surprise them when they came. He accordingly entered a dark place and lay down. Grandi then seized him by the throat, and tried to choke his cries with earth. The little fellow is strong and his assailant is weak and deformed. They struggled, and Grandi tried to silence him with blows of some weapon on the head. He continued to cry, however, and a woman gave the alarm. To those who arrested the monster he only said that the boy had thrown stones at him. It appears that Grandi's deformity was mocked by the village children. Many bones have been found buried about the house, and some say an entire body. These are being exhumed by surgeons. A grave, fresh dug, lay open under the staircase, which, there can be little doubt, was meant for the rescued boy.

## He Took It.

They were about to launch a large ship from a Maine shipyard. Everything was in readiness. The large concourse of spectators stood waiting for the few blows of the hammer that were to knock away the last support and let the vessel glide into the water. There was a little delay. The owners and builder were consulting anxiously together when Mr. Josephus Blifer, who had not seen a sober moment for fifteen years, waved his hand in a magnificent manner to the hesitating workmen, and between his hicups said: "Le'er (hie) slide ge'tmen! (hie). I'll take (hie) th' 'spo'sibil'y."

## Ice Fields.

It appears that the heavy field ice which was the occasion of so much danger and damage in the north Atlantic last spring was set loose by severe northerly gales from the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador in the early part of the year. The previous winter had been excessively severe in those regions, so that the ice thus dislodged was extremely dense and compact, and in this way was enabled to drift far to the southward before melting. Heavy field ice was thus met with in the month of April within fifty miles of the latitude of Naples.

By a Cat.—An inquest was held in London on the body of James Richard Sewell, aged twelve years, who was bitten by a cat. The cat had kittens in Holiday yard, Ludgate hill, and the neighbors had drowned them. The mother made such a noise subsequently that a woman gave the deceased a penny to drown her. He caught the cat and she bit him. The boy died in St. Bartholomew's hospital of hydrophobia of a malignant kind.

The annual sewing machine fight over first premiums at county fairs has opened, and the warfare is bitter and bloody.

## Items of Interest.

A man who is always in a stew generally goes to pot.

Weston is a man who has two soles and a single thought.

If all the money in the United States were divided, every man, woman and child would have \$17.12 apiece.

It is hard to tell which will bring the most pleasant expression into a woman's face—to tell her that her baby is heavy or her bread light.

A Milwaukee editor has had returned to him a book borrowed twenty-seven years ago, and begins to have hopes of humanity after all.

The harvest in Great Britain is over and it is now known that 11,000,000 quarters of grain will be needed from abroad to feed the people there.

A warden in one of the English prisons has been sent to jail for four months for allowing letters and provisions to be sent to one of the prisoners in his charge.

Some of the Delaware farmers complain that they have tried in vain to make peach brandy this year, the saccharine material being absent from the fruit.

An Ohio man named his daughter Proclamation Emancipation. He might have done worse, says a crusty old commentator; he might have named her Maud.

A gentleman in Howard county, Kas., lately presented the following bill to the county board: Elk Co., Kas., to Mr. —, Dr. To services as one insane juror, \$200.

Advertisement from a Washington paper: "Wanted, a well-reeled youth in my office. Preference given to one who has not forgotten more than his employer knows. Address," etc.

"Mamie," said a mother to a little six-year-old, "if I was a little girl like you, I would pick up all those chips." "Well, mamma!" said the little one, "ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

The following is the copy of a letter recently sent to a gentleman in England by an insurance agent: "Dear sir—I hope to give you a call to-morrow or Wednesday, on my way to Chard, and shall be delighted to take your life."

The editor of the *Dubuque Times* has had the privilege of eating a slice of meat "cut from a chunk sixteen years old." It was jerked buffalo, brought from the plains in 1859. He found it as sweet and palatable as though dried this summer.

While tunneling into the side of Mount McEllan, Colorado, recently, the explorers came upon ground solidly frozen ninety feet from the surface. The question is how the frost got in, as there was no crevice through which it could enter.

The British Royal Society has made researches extending over a period of more than two hundred years, and failed to discover a single case of sudden change in the color of human hair. This spoils whole pages of poems, novels and newspaper items.

An odd thing has happened to a Paris reporter. While looking up the particulars of a murder he got into the wrong apartment, and was nearly smothered with kisses by an emotional old pair who mistook him for their returned son, who had been absent twenty years.

A fine scene was lately presented on a farm in Clackamas county, Oregon. A large separator was at work thrashing wheat, and about it were gathered, all at work, Mr. Garrett Palmateer, six stalwart sons, seven grandsons, with grandmother Palmateer holding the sacks.

Patience used to be represented as a passably good-looking girl on a big piece of sandstone. Now it is different. A modern artist fixes patience up as a country editor sitting on an inverted type box, wishing he had his dinner, and waiting for delinquents to pay up their subscriptions.

The Savannah *Advertiser* thinks that if every young man in Georgia would contribute his pocket pistol to the Centennial fund it would make quite a respectable sum, even if sold for old iron. Then if they did not walk the earth with lighter hearts, they would be a trifle less heavy at the waistband.

There was a French singer with a tremendous voice, who could not discover what line in art he was best fitted for. He went to Cherubini, who told him to sing. He sang, and the foundation trembled. "Well," he said when he had finished, "illustrious master, what shall I become?" "An auctioneer," said Cherubini.

A Detroit bachelor, not rich, but industrious and respectable, entered the house of a widow on Baker street the other day and said: "Mrs. Blank, I'll give you just three minutes to answer whether you'll be my wife or not?" "I only want fifteen seconds—yes!" she answered, and they sat down and began to plan how many peaches they would eat this fall.

She used to meet him at the gate with a kiss, and a smile like morning light; but now she comes to the door in a dingy calico wrapper, and shoes down at the heels, shades her eyes with her hand, looks earnestly, to make sure it is him, and as he walks up to the house, tired and careworn, inquires, in a voice that seems to need oiling: "Did you bring that butter?"